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LOUISVILLE JOURNAL.

(For the Louisville Sunday Journal.)

SONG FOR THE SEASON.

More, more, for we've had on the pillow of death
Another gray offering of Time;
By the ravel's balm, on the blossomed health.
Where the frost has been banished by the sun.

And the winter winds nourish their chilus;
Where the trees are enrobed in a mantle of white,
Hush up by the fanciful bairns.
When the sun comes on like crystallized bright,
And the ladies' elate like eyes in the light.

There, then, the Old Year breathed his last.

Let's mourn for the monarch now shrouded in snow,
Though evils were wrought in his reign;
Some blessings were mingled, we all must allow,
And those that he doth we may know I know,
A fond last year.

Let's sing for the joys that are stored with the leaves,
The hopes that lie dead with the frost.

Their seeds we will bury in annual graves,
To be claimed forth again by the spirit that weaves

A rose crown for the hour.

Joy, joy, let us wreath the roses of rhyme
The hour of the year has come.

Let's sing for the future that lies to the bairns.

And out to the future while trusting in Him
Who tempers the wind to the storm.

Though bleak be the blast, and barren the bough,
Though bleak be the landscape and bare.

Let's sing for the joys that are stored with the leaves,
The hopes that lie dead with the frost.

And the winter winds will bring in the truce of the plough;
King and queen will be cradled in the year.

J. W. B.

(Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.)

FAIRMAKER LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1864.

The past week has been a cordial one. Christmas festivities met you at every turn. For several days before its advent, almost every one you would meet in any thoroughfare was carrying some kind of package, suggestive of the coming event. All the retail shops made brilliant displays, and in a walk of minutes a variety of wares might be selected for Christmas presents, sufficient to gratify the most fastidious; everything from a tin trumpet to a diamond necklace was temptingly displayed. As for the children, their little hearts were fairly bursting in their strong efforts to wait with patient until the long-wished for day arrived—day around which, to them, centred all the joys of an entire year. They spend the first six months in the remembrance of it and the last six in the anticipation of it.

At our house we had one of the prettiest Christmas trees that ever was seen—handsomely emblazoned with tinsel and ornaments; of course I leave out myself! had assisted in dressing it out, and when finished and the candles all lighted, it presented an appearance which Kris Krinkle himself could not but applaud; the children were delighted, and so were all the other boys ever arise from making others happy.

FLORENCE.

ing of the mouth and a succession of violent sneezes. The attendance is spoken of as remaining very fair and fashionable up to Saturday evening, the 23d. On that occasion two married belles were present, of whom any opera box in the world might be proud. Like the daughters of an Earl they sat and listened, clad in raiment which in richness might look somewhat tame. The hue of their skin may never be dimmed, and in after years may glow. *Fiorafiori* processes restore them back to society again as bright and beautiful as when they first crossed its threshold.

Prudery is half a virtue and half a vice. There is in the secret compartments of bigotry some curiosity for scandal.

—twilight is pleasant only to bat-like souls.

Life, misfortune, isolation, abandonment, poverty, are battle-fields which have their heroes; obscure heroes, sometimes greater than the illustrious heroes.

The only social pearl is darkness.

—idiocy for a poor man is crime.

Never among animals does the creature which is born a dove change into an opossum. That is seen only among men.

On, the unfortunate! how pallid they are! how cold they are! It seems though they were a planet much further from the sun than has been gathered!

What! it walks remembrances of bright days by my feet in childhood; it hath walks

of the dead in the shade of the trees where I have been gathered? What! in the shady walk with the early loved, and tried

the long embowering bushes, forming there? A cool continuous arbor! Greened there? A cool continuous arbor! Greened there? Tell of its frequent losses? Or distant? What! it walks remembrances of bright days by my feet in childhood; it hath walks

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